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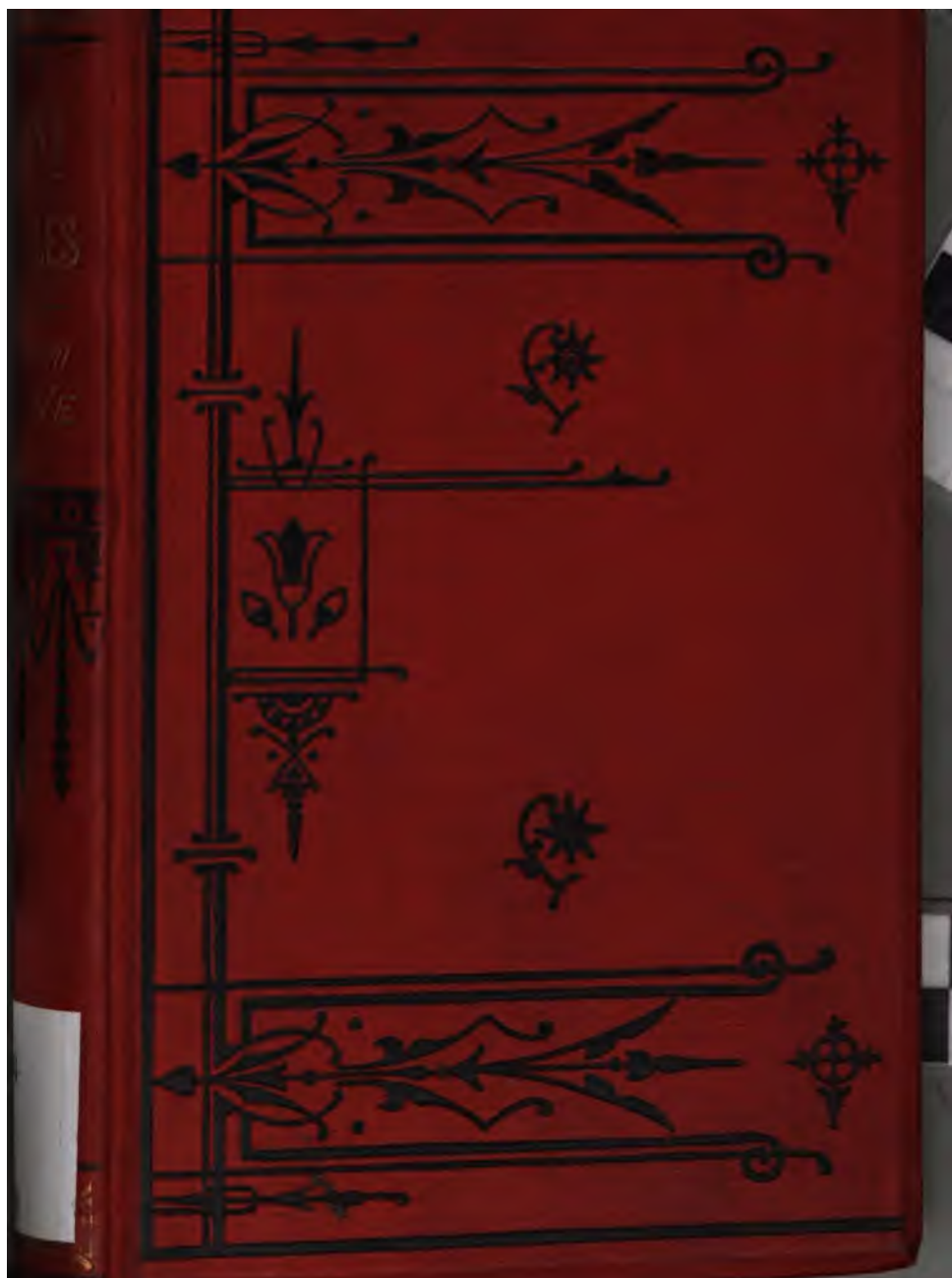
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DUSKY RAMBLES.



# DUSKY RAMBLES.

BY

ELIZABETH WARNE.

LONDON:

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,

10 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1879.

And, as a result of the above, the following is the

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**COLSTON AND SON, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.**

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# DUSKY RAMBLES.



## *INTRODUCTION.*

THESE be dusky rambles—  
Fitter for the greyish shade,  
Either than the sunlit glade  
Or the light of lamp well made,  
Where 'twould strike one gambles  
Running 'mid the brambles.

Why they seemed alluring,  
'Tis a thing I meditate,  
And the scuffle comes too late,  
If for it I've had to wait—

Sipping the alluring—

Reft of the assuring.

Far from thought of wrestling—

    Tempted to the vernal court,

    From fantastical resort,

    Where the fashions were not taught—

Little known of wringing—

Followed I the singing.

Sweetly flowed the river

    When I saw it at its rise,

    Rambling with it thro' the wise

    Till I could not see its size—

Feeling but the shiver—

Ever near the river.

Then it was that dusky,

    Ere the tent I could regain,

---

I had lost the narrow lane,  
Where oft trifling I had lain—  
Breathing air that musky  
It undid the tusk.

Thus my rambles ended  
When I lost the lonely way—  
Pleasant as the soother's lay—  
Or the time of new-mown hay,  
When the soil is blended  
With the joy unmended.

•

*HUBERT AND MARY.*  

---

‘SWEET girl, and must we part,  
And must it be e’en here on earth? .  
It seem’th so hard that living heart  
Should severed be from its on mirth—  
Nay, from its counterpart.  
That in the same world breathing both,  
Stern separation, which we loathe,  
Should come ’twixt us, to dark  
Earth’s face in our young eyes. All art  
Will fade, and e’en the singing lark  
Shall fail to please, when thou, my heart,

---

Art gone, but leaving smart.'  
He said, and Mary, her troth pledged,  
Withdrew the hand, nor sought to drink  
Oblivion's trite cup, but close hedged  
Kept Hubert's sayings and the link  
Her hand had fastened. Long she thought,  
And wondered long, and still the flame  
Within her grew. Then early taught  
That sadness was a sin, to blame  
Herself began ; and much she strove,  
And much rebelled : the sullen pain  
Would not be calmed. In wood and grove  
She lingered oft and thought in twain  
Her heart would rend ; but year to year  
Succeeded thus, and still no change  
Befell the maid ; save that to hear  
A voice more dear, she sought the range  
Of lonely hills which sloped close to

Her Northern home. She ceased to long  
For brilliant sky ; she ceased to rue  
Her native shore, and the hard thong  
Which clasped her heart she knew was good  
When tightest bound, 'cause soonest spent ;  
And Mary, though sweet-minded, would,  
At times, observe, with grief sore pent :—

‘Lo, Hubert, is this how thou keep’st  
Thy promise fair? To seek me soon—  
So soon to wed. Is’t that thou heap’st  
Up riches, or hast in some moon  
Ill-fated gone astray? Or is’t  
That thou art poor, or in our land  
Found’st dearer consort? O dark mist!  
Would I could penetrate the band  
In mercy set before mine eyes ;  
For either Hubert is untrue,—

---

Or—hist, my soul, be not with lies  
Found charged !' she said, and paler grew,  
Convulsed with fear she scarce could tame.  
The wind near whistled and seemed too fierce  
For the frail maid ; as if to claim  
A blush it fanned, yet could but pierce  
And drive all colour from her cheeks.  
She rose, and gazing round, believed  
Her lover true.—O'er distant peaks  
The sun was low'ring, and relieved,  
She eyed them, murm'ring low the while :—  
' Ye hide the sea which 'twixt us rolls,  
And yet what for ye earthly pile?  
Ye were not seen of Hubert : tolls  
The sea the same dirge here as there,  
And I would listen to 't ye hills.—  
Ah, sun, and wherefore dost thou glare?  
Not so wert thou down South : here rills



Less warmth receive from thee than flow'rs  
Exact in my own land. And will  
I ne'er again behold it? Pow'rs  
Of earth can ne'er prevent, but Will  
Supreme ordained it hath, methinks,  
And I am reconciled. Ah me,  
Would Hubert come—the horrid links  
Destroy, which weary me for plea  
To prove untrue ; then would I rest  
Content. Lo, if his words were meant,  
E'en though his faith stood not the test,  
I can forgive him all ; but sent  
From Heav'n must be the strength if false  
He spoke and falsely meant. Great God,  
'Twere sin, and I, myself, would false  
Become, in such thought long to plod ;  
When Hubert is far o'er the main :  
In grief, perchance, with none to soothe !—

---

My love, wilt e'er thou entertain  
With one bright look my soul, and smooth  
Away all doubt?—Fond Hubert, come!—  
Her eyes, with moisture filled, intent  
Were heav'nward turned : nor saw she come  
A stranger by the steep ascent ;  
Nor moved when he approached, but cried  
Anew her tender pray'r—and soon  
On strong breast leant, while Hubert plied  
His love gloom to forsake.

‘ The boon

In bounty given us,  
That we should now united be,  
Forsooth is joyous, and not thus,  
Though tears be precious, would I see  
Thee, Mary, dearest choice.’

‘ Ah, Hubert, it is mine, indeed,  
For my sake to rejoice ;

But these poor tears must need  
Be shed, though earth's face be not dark,'  
She gasped—'not dark for thee when I  
Am gone away. Unlightsome, mark,  
I know thou thinkest me—but shy  
Me not, dear Hubert, ere in earth  
This piteous wreck they lay.'—  
    'Wilt thou reproach me with this dearth  
Of all that can to life give play?  
Wilt thou reproach me with delay  
Or with forgetfulness?  
When ne'er the hour but thoughts of thee  
To cheer me came, perchance to bless;  
Though ever ban'shing glee  
And clouding all beside. I know  
Thee much too good to chide, sweet girl;  
And soon, ere daisies cease to blow,  
A ship will take my bride, my pearl,

---

To her own home, beside  
The orange grove and gorgeous tide,  
Where we together shall 'bide.—  
Be not sad, Mary mine ;  
Thou'lt gain strength on our native shore,  
And roses with the ones thou'lt twine  
In thy bright hair. Thou'lt pine no more  
In our sweet air and gay sunshine,  
For truth, it will be thine  
To smile and wish me well,  
As was thy wont of yore.'—

And what he spoke, all time, a bell  
Beneath seemed to assert. It tolled  
Most equally down in the dell,  
And hateful, Hubert, thought it fell  
Upon the ear. As he ceased, rolled  
Below the last, long, muffled sound.—  
And Mary tried, ere daisies bloom'd,

In Hubert all vain hope to ground :—  
Still it would not be tomb'd.

Lo, when the spring was on the wing,  
And Hubert, restless, had to sail  
For his land been ; when sweetly sing  
The Northern warblers, and mild vail  
Is cast o'er rugged nature ; when  
Meek loveliness pervades the earth,  
And daisies spring in lonely glen,  
And children caper in their mirth,—  
A stranger stood on neighb'ring hill,  
The scene scarce noting though 'twas fair.  
And tolled the village bell, and still  
He stood, for grief was then his share.  
The sound his senses lulled—no more—  
His spirit in rebellion rose  
And, violent, its victim tore.

---

Then by fair Mary's grave, in pose  
Complete, poor Hubert quickly knelt ;  
And weeping long he stayed, then plucked  
A daisy from the flow'ry belt,  
By loving hands with green moss tucked  
O'er Mary's sacred dust. He rose  
And looked, then passed without a word ;  
But the old neighb'ring hill he chose  
For parting, there his heart to gird—  
His soul refresh, ere to the South  
He took himself : an older man  
And better tried ; and from his mouth  
The wonted tale regretful ran :—

‘ Long sought I happiness,  
And long methought 'twas mine.  
Heav'n's favour craving less,  
Than in the world to shine ;

Man's goodness trusting, till,  
In one dark year, 'twas rent—  
The false illusion. Still,  
The stubborn heart is bent  
With its blind mates to glee.  
How hungers it their love  
To get, their idol be !  
What sacrifice 'twill make,  
Its wild hour to achieve ;  
How inward scruples rake  
From conscience guilt relieve.  
E'en when the world's black glove  
Is cast, and winning lost  
To wisdom's eye, how would  
We keep it though it cost—  
No matter what : if could  
All blindness be retained,  
All wild unthinking thought ;

---

The pleasure chase regained,  
And hearts for ever bought ?

‘ Ah, Mary, thou wast true,  
And mine ne’er meant to be :  
But as the past I rue,  
I’ll evermore to see  
Thee strive ; thy mem’ry keep  
Within my heart ; regard  
This flow’ret when I peep  
Behind : perchance ’twill guard  
Me from ’cute sorrow—bind  
Me to thy hov’ring soul—  
In precious thought my mind  
Detain. Yea, toll, toll, toll,  
Cold bell ! ’ he cried, as ’long  
The dell again it rang.  
‘ Thy sounding falls not wrong



Upon my ear. The pang  
Is past, though sore my soul  
And ne'er with love so full.  
Sweet spirit, while I roll,  
And cease not breath to pull,  
I would this solemn hour  
Within my mem'ry keep.  
And will, with Heaven's power,  
Till o'er the chasm I leap.'

As Hubert went, all time, the bell  
Beneath, farewell seemed to bid, tolling  
Most equally, down in the dell.  
As died his steps, the sound went rolling,  
Which Hubert cared not to repel :  
He fain would stop to hear its tolling,  
Of sweetness seemed it so to tell.

*THE GONDOLIER.*  

---

SWIFT rowed the gondolier,  
Across the dark'ning mere,  
His freight to land upon the shore  
Where rose Belmira's castle old ;  
Within the creek his barge to moor,  
He ne'er relaxed his sturdy hold ;  
But close behind another kept  
Pursuing his, with mortal aim,  
And seeing this, Emanuel stépt  
From cushioned seat, full speed to claim—  
And laying hand on nearest oar,  
He strove to push ahead, to save

Angelica the sight of gore,  
For which behind the others rave.

Hard worked the gondolier  
That night upon the mere.  
So dark it was he could scarce see  
The lady lying in the barge—  
Nor the pursuers hear did he  
When reached the shore and done his charge :  
Emanuel sprang to help his love,  
But had Angelica to bear  
Insensible ashore, and shove  
The gondola—from thence to tear—  
And ere he bore his burden home,  
He saw that other through the dark—  
And heard their voices 'mid the foam  
As they disputed on the mark.

---

Well planned the gondolier  
Escape upon the mere :  
For while debate waxed loud and hot,  
The which to do, and whether land  
To ascertain if they were got  
Within the castle, or if manned  
The barge still bore the prize away—  
Emanuel's bargeman made him quick  
And having moor'd in sheltered bay,  
He sought the path—safe from his trick—  
Belmira's castle to attain,  
And feast in honour of the bride,  
With all those of his master's train—  
While those outside had ceased to 'bide.

Oft rowed the gondolier  
Still after on the mere :  
And ever spied, in turret high,

His lady watching all the while ;  
If storm was threatened in the sky—  
Emanuel distant but a mile—  
She sought a place to watch the mere  
Which hid beneath its surface wide  
(What wrung from her the bitter tear)  
The forms in life her love did chide,  
Now secretéd with those asleep  
In vaults, too far, her feet to seek—  
But bidding her till found to weep  
For thought of life there once did leak.

Still rowed the gondolier  
When aged on the mere :  
But 'twas to think of those now gone—  
His lady, and his master strong,  
Both hid beneath what richly shone,  
And past the reach of earthly thong—

---

And past the trouble of their flight—  
Where gold their pleasure could not buy  
As on the terror of that night—  
When slaves of love and wrath did ply  
To raise their own funereal pile :  
And sought his bride Emanuel yet  
When she had ceased her watchful while—  
Afar the bargeman's mind still met.

*S N O W D R O P S.*

---

SWEET little advents of spring,

And lowly born in the lee,

A delicate image to bring

Humanity hopes ne'er so wee.

Still cold outside is the air,

And wet the earth with the rain ;

But shortly the snow wont to wear,

Now decked with the snowdrops amain.

'Tis happy they needs must bloom,

And roughness end and be done.

Transferred to my side in sick-room,

They whispered 'tis useless to shun

A Fylgia not to be won ;

As, sure, however perverse,

The winter must end and be done—

And snowdrops with mildness rehearse.



*THE SAILOR.*DEDICATED TO MASTER C. G. W.  

---

HEAVILY dashed the sea against the ship—  
Loudly it clamoured all the night,  
Thundering loud, while the winds seemed to whip  
Elements willing not to fight.

Distant from land or shore in danger such  
Laboured the sailor far away ;  
And 'tis not strange to him, nor minds he much  
Whether it storm if little it play.

He does his duty and he loves the sea :  
Nor does he know the weakly dread  
Which oft assails those steeped in paltry glee—  
Roughly and bravely doth he wed.

He fears no tempest, guarding 'gainst its time,  
And his is cheer when done the work,  
And his the health which beareth with all clime—  
Ever he fights but dares not shirk.

His is the grandeur of man's earthly view,  
His is the motion knowing peace—  
His on eternity's brink to review  
A life he ne'er held but on lease.

Landmen, like sailors, may plod and be true,  
And 'mid the broil be happy yet—  
But to guard 'gainst its danger there be few  
Like the mate—and brave sailorette.

*THE SPIRIT WITHIN.*

---

‘TELL me, Spirit, tell me quick,  
Is my life to be like this :  
All throughout to feel the prick—  
Ne’er to know one moment’s bliss ?’

‘Even so it is thy lot,  
And regret not, for ’tis thine  
Feeding hope to lead, I wot,  
Simpler life than those who pine.’


‘But I pine in this array—  
Sorrow strewn around me here—  
And it burdens me to pray  
For what seems ne’er to repair.’

‘Trouble not, nor cease to try  
For the faith which cleareth broad,  
Even to the realms on high,  
Where thou shouldst now make thine hoard.’

‘I am poor, and scare can spy  
Where to step e’en here on earth,  
Much less view the splendid sky  
From my low and hidden berth.’

‘Why, then, seek the discontent,  
Which thou strivest to possess?  
And the veil will soon be rent  
Which hath borne thee, and no less.’

‘Nay, kind Spirit, be not wroth,  
But with patience still attend  
To the weakness of a moth,  
That doth evil apprehend.’



‘None such shouldst thou do, I trow ;  
Nor thy frailty so indulge,  
For ’tis wayward not to bow  
All together ere they dirge.’

‘As thou sayest, so I’ll do—  
And I’ve promised it ere this—  
But ’tis what I will ne’er rue,  
Tho’ ’twere mine ne’er to taste bliss.’

‘Thine it is, so sure as aught,  
If from me thou wilt not stray,  
But still, by the Spirit taught,  
Hearken to the voice of day.’

*PRINCE CHARLIE.*

---

PRINCE CHARLIE of the merry land,  
Saw standing on the wooden bridge  
A maid, cold as the icy rill  
Which ran beneath to Mickleridge.  
He hastened down the gorsy hill,  
With dogs behind, and gun in hand,  
To have an hour's merry chat,  
And satisfy his princely will  
By raising to the maid his hat,  
And touching gallantly her hand.

She watched him come, and met him cold ;  
Nor did she move, nor onward pass,

And hers was a deportment strange.  
Prince Charlie, fresh from dewy grass,  
Inwardly swore to see her change,  
And thereupon to win made bold  
With courtly speech and polished mien ;  
But that it was without the range  
Of his capacities, I wien,  
For he had reddened ere she told :

‘ Your Highness lacked amusement when  
To honour me it pleased thee well,  
And so we two have had good sport.  
Tho’ many might, ’tis mine to tell  
Prince Charlie’s turn came to be taught  
A maid is not like airy hen :  
For chasing reared, to be worn out,  
And gusto done—when it is caught  
To hear no more, but farewell shout—  
Be thrust aside for other wren.

---

‘I’m not a monster—not a scare,  
But fairy Chora is my name ;  
And not so cold, but what I like  
Prince Charlie, that will never blame,  
Nor wish for might to kill with pike  
The maid that tasked his courage rare.’  
And ere he knew the fairy went—  
Prince Charlie gazed, but saw nowhere,  
And merry laughed, for ’twas not meant  
He should grow stern with hoary hair.



*BELTRAN'S TOUR.*

---

BELTRAN with his eyes of blue  
Looked upon the sky more true,  
There to read the face he loved—  
E'en the face of his beloved.  
But another crept within,  
Which he dared not roughly grasp,  
For with him it was too twin—  
Insomuch that it would rasp  
In his careless conscious heart.  
And gay nature seemed to mock  
His affections' troubled mart :  
By the flighty brown lav'rock,

---

As the Southern ocean beat  
Melancholy, to remind,  
In that glorious Spanish heat,  
Of the vow that still should bind—  
Taken by the Alpine lake.  
And the ocean beat in time,  
That she lay for him awake,  
Weeping in her girlhood's prime.

But fair Constance was too pure  
To live life so full of shame—  
And the traitor who could lure,  
Not for long had she to blame :  
When her infant son was born,  
She bade them to him repair—  
Dying in her cloudy morn.  
And they found him smiling there,  
By the side of Julia light,

In Venetian palace born ;  
Who when he was gone from sight  
Sighed, and looked still quite as bright,  
As when Beltran said she had  
Eyes more liquid than the dew—  
For tho' dizzy, was not mad,  
Julia, who but pleasure knew,  
In Venetian palace born.  
And from thence to land he came  
On Great Britain's frowning coast,  
Where, to give his child a name,  
He swore false and perjured most  
In the hall of noble father,  
By the banners of the dead—  
But that course still he would rather  
Than own Fritz his mother's blight,  
In the home where they had led  
Captive fame for living right

And when Ada, his espoused,  
Chid him for his broken faith,  
Beltran said he was but moused  
(Spite the inward rising wraith),  
And that by the Grecian sea,  
He loved her as well again.  
Ne'ertheless soft was the plea—  
Tho' the lady wove no chain  
To vex Beltran for his crime—  
Far too haughty to make known  
What had hurt her for a time.  
And she fondled as her own  
He who e'er called her 'mama'  
In the great and lonesome hall—  
And to Beltran oft cried, la !  
And for him oft raised a pall.

*THE BUCCANEER.*

---

Hot beamed the sun on the bold buccaneer,  
With mind of the daring, and strength to avouch,  
On steed of the proudest among those of peer,  
With life of adventure, and wealth in his pouch.  
On face so oft crossed with haughtiest sneer,  
There called by the weakness that fed his own power,  
Now scorching fell rays to provoke his dark leer—  
And fell on his lawlessness light of broad hour—  
On all strung about him, by trade buccaneer.

He foraged at dawn, and the bush sought at noon,  
For hunting, and driving they strove to catch him—  
But life of the wildest ne'er made him a loon—  
Nor even despair when they came to the rim,

---

And nearly found him in the dank wet retreat,  
But that, they dismayed, turned away all too soon ;  
And bounding he rose, like the hunters to greet  
What healthier were found, but not for a boon  
His boldness exchange with their dainty not meet.

Tho' lusty he be, and a bold buccaneer,  
Still age will creep on, and his heart must have worn  
Far harder than stone, and to all so appear,  
Or harbour regret, and espy how 'tis lorn  
Of all that in life is worth having, and sheer.  
As evening is sending the sun to his rest,  
The moon will be rising to fall on his bier,  
And low, on damp ferns, doth he lay at the best ;  
For lawless he liveth—outlawed buccaneer !

*THE DREAM O'ERHEARD.*  

---

'FEVER preys upon me now,  
And they say I'm going to die—  
Can they read aright my brow,  
And yet raise that maddening cry?'  
Said Alicia in her dream,  
'Neath the ferns and quiv'ring sun,  
As her hair caught of its gleam,  
In that still and green-hued run.

'They may say, but 'tis not so—  
For as yonder land exists,  
And the cattle near me low,  
This my plaint will go in mists,

---

And from India he will come—  
My dear Jack of olden time :  
Then will shorten the day's hum—  
Sweeten all beneath the lime.'

O'er her bowed the soldier's head,  
Fair his face, and handsome cut—  
Tinged with sun where he had shed  
Blood while lying in the rut.  
His a faith that met its meed  
In the girl he loved away ;  
And helped thro' the hedgy reed,  
Sought again ere he was grey.

Both were tied in loving knot—  
Youth they to each other gave—  
Nor would part e'er after got,  
Nor 'gainst life their fancy rave.



But in later years the dream  
Came to them as it had done :  
From their mouths it would e'er stream,  
Without blow their minds to stun.

'Fever preys not on me now,  
And they said I should have died—  
Could they read aright my brow,  
And have then so wildly cried ?  
Sweetest savour is but trite  
When unsalted in the dish—  
And life hath not been so bright,  
Free from care, to yield my wish.

'Life hath been a blessing both  
And a measured care to us—  
But to prize it more we loathe  
Than is well a blunderbuss.'

---

And Alicia gazed aloft,  
E'er with Jack on azure grand—  
And it clouded o'er the croft,  
But they met no nearer brand !


*THE WARNING RING.*

---

THE ring on my finger now,  
Beareth record of a time  
When I madly sang, and how  
Trusted to the voice of grime.

It is on to mark the thing,  
Which, forgetful, I keep thinking  
With far greater worth to ring,  
And am thus for ever shrinking.

It is on to mark how false  
Is the form with which I deal,  
That when in the daily waltz  
With astoundment may not reel.



It is on to seal my lips,  
And to spare me the abhorrent ;  
Touching not with fingers' tips  
Stygian dark and wasting torrent.

'Twas in thinking that it ran,  
Limpid, no ! but scarce all dark,  
I mistook, and raised like bran,  
It fell o'er me—tried to mark.

So the day is gone, that I  
Trusted simply in the coil,  
Which surpassing my thoughts ply—  
Faith would not still see it spoil.

It hath stung me day by day,  
Wondering perchance at what  
Seemed to it but callous clay—  
While I strove against its rot.

---

Blind, I still would blinder be—  
Love cares not to find it false  
That with truest should agree—  
As I trusted in the waltz.

Rolling ever near me too,  
Rest creeps in and lulls the brain—  
And thus softly doth it woo,  
Suddenly to dash again.

And it grew so hellish marked,  
That the ring upon my finger,  
I placed there when last it barked,  
To prevent me while I linger.

For the thought is cruel too,  
That, suspecting, I should bide—  
Yet it must be not to rue  
The dark motion of that tide.

---

And the ring upon my finger,  
Is to warn me from the bank—  
Ah, and call to mind the stinger,  
Ever luring with fell clank.

*TO AN INFANT.*

---

WEE Daisy, when I saw thee first,  
Thou wert a baby in thy crib—  
And to kiss thee was all I durst—  
For, Daisy, thine own mother came !

I loved thee then and love thee now—  
Though miles extend between us long,  
And thou'lt remember not my brow—  
And Daisy has new ties around.

Thy little heart may ne'er hold me,  
But still thou'lt ever live in mine—  
While healthful all my senses be,  
Till it doth cease to long and throb.

---

A baby when I saw thee last,  
I'll know thee sweet and simple e'er—  
And tho' these traits fade in the past,  
I'll see thee still as I did then.

Two sisters dost thou play with now,  
And doubtless fair and blessed they  
To thine own mother dear, I trow—  
Thy father too must fondle all !

But I see them not, neither know—  
Their names are empty blanks to me—  
What tho' Kathleen doth fairer grow,  
And Edith mock the Ediths gone !

I can ne'er see them smile, nor weep,  
And theirs be soundless voices e'er—  
But can imagination steep  
In likely thought of Daisy's self.—



Her tiny feet and golden hair,  
Her rosy face and shadeless eyes—  
Peculiar to each child—yet rare,  
When matched with Daisy in my mind.

Of the fair group I can count right,  
Thee only can I single out—  
And may no shadow come to blight  
Thy daisy purity and bliss !

*A FRAGMENT.*  

---

EUGENIA, my beloved friend,  
Thou'rt far from me, and canst not lend  
Thy hand to soothe, thy voice to cheer,  
Thou knowest neither grief nor tear—  
Thou hearest not from me—of me,  
And if not caring, has good plea.

Eugenia, my girlhood's dear friend,  
All round me and below doth tend  
To make me think of thy pure mind ;  
And doth thy gentle spirit bind  
To my poor heart, now hardened sore.  
For trouble ceasing not to pour.

*THE CHILD LOUIE.*  

---

LOUIE, I know thee,  
With thy mirth and thy glee—  
Thou'rt a child that wilt pain,  
And sorrow hast not ta'en.

Born in desert wild,  
And with milk nourished mild,  
More careless couldst not be,  
Nor like it, more one 't.'

Thou'lt break in the storm,  
But canst not feel it warm ;  
And kissest danger long,  
Ne'er knowing it will wrong.

---

Child, beware, beware !

Drive the foe from his lair—

Thou hurt'st me, knowing not,

But when, when wilt thou wot ?

*A T R U E T A L E.*

---

A HARDY winter had set in,  
And all without was dank and chill,  
And all within scarce seemed to fill  
The oaken hall with warmth at eve.

Aweary of the day's dull sport  
We drew around the country grate;  
And wished the morrow's better fate,  
While watching pensively the blaze.

'The wind abated hath,' I said—  
'Methinks 'twill snow ere morning dawn;'  
And with mien not a mite forlorn,  
A sportsman of our number told,

---

As if to kill the hour, and please,  
That an old dame his father knew,  
Had driven 'neath a sky of blue  
To Cambridge town her stores to buy.

That snow at eve o'ertook the dame,  
Who home returning lost her way,  
And weary fell and buried lay,  
While heaven cleared and frost set in.

In deeper snow than since had been  
She buried was one Sabbath's eve ;  
And of her stores she did achieve  
A full consumption—tea, withal.

And twice she heard the church bells go—  
The holy call she heard from far ;  
And if the past her peace could mar  
The future must have been discerned.

'Tis said that friends had giv'n up search ;  
But some one passing chanced to look,  
And distant saw a kerchief shook,  
Which saved the dame from dying there.

And this, in century nineteen,  
Did during the first half occur :  
And tho' it may seem singular,  
The good old dame e'en after lived.

IN THE DUSK.

---

'Twas dusk, dusk everywhere—

Behind, in front, and on the faces of my loved ones—

'Twas everywhere the same, and as time runs,

Still heavy grows the air.

'Twill end this dusky time—'twill split this tight'ning  
cord—

But will it while they live, and ere I've gone abroad ?

'Twas dusk, dusk everywhere—

And vainly I sought one bright, hardy speck below,

For it would not be found, and neither would it glow

In what seemed a nightmare.



'Twill pass, this all absorbing dream—'twill pass and  
go—

It may be into bliss, or it may be in show.

'Twas dusk, dusk everywhere—

I gazed around unlightened, then high, and was glad—  
For the lone way, and the sight, would have made  
me mad,

Of every empty chair.

'Twas rife in me to love the sun and all I knew,  
But now those are afar, and I love not the new.

'Twas dusk, dusk everywhere—

And first the night must come, and come ere dawn of  
day ;

And may it not after the struggle dawn but grey,  
Lest hard should be my share.

For the dusk on the faces of my loved ones doth cast  
A shade upon my soul, which cannot ever last.

'Twas dusk, dusk everywhere—

And as I longed for loved ones that are far away—

' They can meet thee if they will it,' my soul did say.

And, ah, they are aware !

Would the dusk passed from their hearts as it doth  
from mine,

Tho' all around me dusk, and they are in the shine.

'Twas dusk, dusk everywhere—

Behind, in front, and on the faces of my loved ones—

'Twas everywhere the same, and as time runs,

'Twill teach me to beware !

But still I yearn and hunger for the break of dawn,—

For dusk will tire, tho' not as they think do I mourn.

*TO MRS. H. P.*

---

WHAT pray'rs ascend from little heart,  
The childish lips that utter them  
Alone can tell, and without art,  
For innocence is in their hem.

They 're said, and scarce thought of again—  
Reveal faith and ensure good-will ;  
Their source the mind clean from the stain,  
Their work the keeping from all ill.

Theirs is the pray'r which knows no doubt,  
The faith, which, asking thinks it had—  
The eyes which clearest see about,  
The soul and heart alike well glad.

---

Theirs is the future joy on high,  
The pure judicious life below :  
Free from suspicion and its lie—  
Free from false smile—false feelings' show.

Theirs are the tears which flow at sight  
Of others, careworn and past youth ;  
The smiles which chase the very light,  
The heart which for all woe is ruth.

Why should not ours like that be told ?  
Why should we harden with the day,—  
Perceiving e'er as we grow old—  
Ne'er valueing, till down we lay !

*T O A D R E A M E R.*

---

‘WAKE, Dreamer, and go thy way—

The path is cut and paved ;

Why walk on the briny clay

And drudge thro’ life unlaved ?

The path is most blest and sure,

And hast not tried it, man ?—

Why hearest thou not the roar

Of those who vainly ran ?—

What pleasure hast in pursuit

Of what is gone in hope ?

Arise, then, and take thy lute,

In darkness not to grope !

---

Ah, why then that measured tread,  
That lukewarm love and fear !  
Be earnest, and take the bread,  
Forsake thy mocking jeer.

*AN EVENING'S FRAGMENT.*

---

WHEN darkness crowds around,  
And all is dark within, without,  
How pure seems heav'nly ground  
Compared with what the world can pave.

How quickens every pulse,  
How longings cease to be of earth,  
How life within grows great,  
And little all of worldly mirth.

How fail things outward to attract,  
And those within to tease ;  
How trembling seek we heav'nly tract,  
To gather rays of light.

*THE SEAWEED.*

---

I CULLED, the other morn,  
And brought across the lawn,  
The seaweed dripping wet—  
Which by my bed hangs yet.

I looked while the sun shone,  
And, lo, it was all gone—  
The moisture had of yore :  
My freshness was no more.

As variable am I  
As seaweed, and yet why ?  
—It tells the weather comin'  
And I the life a-runnin'.



Of old I've culled the weed ;  
To present, past doth lead,  
And wished the longest while  
That it would near me smile.

I smiled at it of old ;  
But those have gone to mould  
Who gave my life sunshine,  
E'en in the river's whine.

'Tis gone, that happy morn,  
When I was up at dawn—  
I gathered seaweed joy,  
Far as the siege of Troy !

---

NORTH-REACH.

---

## I.


‘COME, Nellie, Nellie, wherefore dost thou pine?’  
Quoth chidingly a veteran scarce grey,  
From high-backed chair and goblet of red wine,—  
‘It will ne’er do, d’ye hear? My girl must play  
As was her wont, or perish in the fray!  
Thou know’st my mind; and I will have thee sing—  
’Tis useless with me to be wayward, child,—  
And thou’lt obey my will, or hard ’twill ring  
That little body so wilfully wild.’  
The girl addressed ne’er spoke a word, nor seemed  
She petulant; but the cloud deepened on  
Her brow, where once nought save clear sunshine  
gleamed,

## E

Her face, once all too bright, was now quite wan ;  
And as tho' struggling covered with a form  
That, weak and simple, would yet master self  
And inward strife, to die in outward storm  
Apparent—laid on the Past's dusty shelf—  
This tale her face bespoke in very calm ;  
The rest of nerve the conflict marked, her eyes  
Were full and downward cast : as for the harm  
That was done, it closed faster dearer ties.

## II.

The Farmer Westwood better could be known  
By his ways than his speech, and by his speech  
E'en better than the clearest picture shown.  
From busy London came he to North-Reach,  
Near Scottish lake well placed ; from merchant turned  
To farmer mean, tho' rich and vicious worn.  
Then Nellie, used to drawing-rooms e'er—churned



---

Fresh butter, and from all her friends was torn—  
Still blithe appeared, for her mind was light,  
In tending on her mother, sick and frail,  
In soothing and caressing—(for 'twas night  
Around, Dame Westwood told, when Nellie went)—  
Were Nellie's days employed. 'Ne'er doth she  
quail,'  
The farm-girls said,—'e'en when the master's tight.'  
The lake they called blue, and ne'er thought that lent  
From heaven was the colour; ne'er perceived  
That mirky 'twas below when dense aloft,  
And clear when light shone clear. Yet Nellie grieved,  
When wand'ring lone beside the lake, and oft  
Scarce knowing why—so many were her ills;  
And yet so numerous the blessings spied,  
That she durst not complain of swollen rills,  
When rivers elsewhere flooded, leaving tied  
The land to greater waste than e'en before.

Still blithe appeared she—her mind was light,  
Tho' strife ceased not through two years and one  
more.

Then came the crush with all its awkward might,  
And the shade o'er her spirit gath'ring long,  
Well-nigh sunk wilful Nellie to the ground.  
She had a brother dear, and (perchance wrong?)  
Had ever yearned to see him in good bound,  
And gently bred, when Westwood takes into  
His poor old head that 'Arthur knows eno';  
And forthwith Arthur journeyed North, to rue  
His wasted time, and make the shadows grow  
Upon his sister's face. And 'twas for this  
That Nellie's father chided and was wroth.  
He ne'er avouched, and ne'er believed that his  
The fault, and perchance would ne'er know the moth  
His poor vile self had played. His daughter saw  
The deepened lines and wasting form; she prayed

---

That he might 'scape the horrors of the law,  
While on her heart the troubling grief seemed laid,  
Which shared none earthly, but a cloud betrayed.

## III.

And Nellie's mother, too, was ill in bed,  
So Nellie rarely left the lonely house  
To ramble 'bout the hilly land ; but led  
By mighty impulse, outward—like a mouse  
She stole away ; while Westwood doubtless drank  
With drunkards at the tavern, and the dame  
Was dozing—able scarce to note the blank.  
As Nellie with brown Don, a Spaniard tame,  
Went through the gate, and past the restless lake,  
She would not gaze on its broad flick'ring shine—  
It suited ill the humour she would take.  
'Therefore the maid plunged into darksome line,  
'Then viewed long the still moon and greyish shades.


The nightly planet pierced ne'er in the least  
The thick gloom wrapping earth about, but shed  
Her rays above where they were needed less :  
Mused Nellie Westwood, as she ceased to tread  
The winding lane, and turned with homeward press  
Into the path along the fields. As on  
She went, the coldness called her to the hour  
And herself, from the future and by-gone.  
Then fear began within her first to tower,  
As trees in the expanse, whose long shadows  
Roused her attention, flirting close about  
And far ahead, till she wished the meadows  
In front crossed, tho' they said her mind was stout.

## IV.

One moment her heart bowed with the tall firs,  
And trembled the colour in her visage fine ;  
Her soul, as current mild which one deters,

---

Tho' often troubled, yet often lost its shine,  
And her sky was dark, and her strength was gone.  
But nature's broils—the might 'bout her displayed,  
Restored the maiden soon. Despair was wan—  
The matter having thus easily preyed  
'Pon Nellie, in her lonely hour, was thrust  
Far from her care. 'Will father be at home?  
And what if he hath asked for me?'—To dust  
The vexing query went—but she should roam  
No more at such untimely hour, rang loud  
In Nellie's ears. Westwood she knew would rail,  
Did he not find her home; but then must shroud  
His wrath, she thought, as 'twas of no avail—  
Abroad the culprit being. Hope was high  
With her, tho' Westwood had most darked his life,  
In seasons many, not possessed of right.  
But Nellie's naked faith was more than rife,  
And brave, her mind would not be vexed; the tears





That streamed down her cheeks spoke the contest  
done ;

And the Long-Reach wood not distant appears,  
Near North-Reach House close rising, where her run  
She stays, as weariness creeps o'er her fast.

There Don pricks up his ears, and growls, to call  
His mistress's attention ; but soon past,

Spite Nellie's orders and the brambles fall  
Which tell that he is hunting in the wood.

She summoned once, twice, thrice the mettled Don,  
But it had ever formed part of his mood,

And much as he rued it, yet he had gone ;  
So that if Westwood's he had long been dead—

As Nellie's playful pleading, with the fact  
That Don was hers, alone had saved bloodshed.

How Nellie with herself made stern compact  
That he should on return a whipping get,  
And discontentedly pursued her way

---

For a handsome favourite was her pet,  
And merited her pride despite his play,  
And had it, tho' unruly in this fault.  
When, lo a medley of sounds hushed and shrill  
Break from the wood, and she is bent to halt ;  
A second more, and Nellie, standing still,  
In mantle dark, close to a sturdy oak,  
Sees something move—a reddish light, and then  
Scarce hears the shot, or the underwood broke,  
But dizzy falls, and falling, doth not ken.

## v.

It chanced that Arthur met the Squire's gay son  
When strolling thro' the lanes one sombre eve,  
And Griffinhoofe, once knowing, ne'er would shun  
Whate'er could passably his hours relieve.  
The youths were oft together seen about—  
In shooting, walking, searching too for hare

Their time was spent, or else in fishing trout.—

Then came a cousin loved of the Squire's heir

To stay at Arkseden Glee, for whose sport

Assiduously they had striven both ;

And Griffinhoofe, of mischief never short

In company with, Lawrence Girling, quoth :

'I heard that poachers have been seen near this,

And, boys, it would be jolly did we catch

The fellows all ! ay, it were not amiss

To watch and prove ourselves the keepers' match,

So, Arthur, let us try to-night the woods

On father's ground, and then make for North-Reach.'

'Twas thus that Nellie on her father's roods

Got for a poacher ta'en and shot. The screech

Which then from Westwood's son broke forth, first told

His comrades in the rear that aught was wrong ;


Then Griffinhoofe did mumble 'bout his gold,

And swore ne'er 'gain to take a shot so long,

And tenderly looked on the maid, but dared  
Not raise or help. To motion also lost  
Was Arthur, whose dread sickness neither shared.  
Regret his conscience bit, and sorely tost  
His sister's warnings 'mid the sad array  
Which broiled athwart his mind. His sister's face,  
Scarce visible, all voices hushed. She lay—  
The great tree's shadows falling like dark lace,  
As rustling, withered leaves around her swept,  
And filled the brain with sober thought and cry.  
His sister's strains came to the youth, who wept,  
At morn dull sounding, but now stirring high !

## VI.

‘ Who knows what ’tis to love a child,  
And see it grow up rude and wild ?  
Who knows what ’tis to feel the harm,  
And spy no chance to raise alarm ?  
Who knows what ’tis to see it pine,



The right denied to fetch it wine ?  
Who knows what 'tis to see it dead,  
Uncleansed in spite of all was said ?  
And knowing, who doth feel the pain  
That wand'reth where the loved one's lain ?

‘ Ah me, such wretched state is mine,  
That, chasing in the happy line,  
Myself at peace, tho' weary long  
With fighting 'mid the hapless throng,  
And still to see the monster gain  
Where I had thought all was in train  
To leave for e'er the losing side—  
Then, lo, afresh my heart must hide  
The sickness it is wrong to feel  
When power is infinite to heal !

‘ Who knows what 'tis to watch life run,  
And count the days as they are done,

---

And wonder if the sun will bring  
Yet to this moon a fair hope-string—  
Or give the season fairer clime,  
And shorten shortly tedious Time?  
Who knows what 'tis to have this chance  
To spurn the earth, above to glance;  
And yet to sin thus e'er to yield,  
In pining weakly strength to plead?

‘Ah me! what can a woman do,  
When to her lord she will be true,  
And conquer that she may not die,  
But hope, tho' all around may lie  
With brambles circled deep in mire,  
And sighing, pray, but never tire?  
Then, lo, the joyful strain retake,  
And haste he will most surely make,—  
No more to disappoint, but free  
From serious ill, to give pure glee.’


## VII.

Then Girling, who aside had stood, stept forth,  
And questioned who the maid ; to which answered  
The laird with accent lowest,—and as wroth  
Had been his cousin, pained he now demurred,  
For the tears flowing from young Arthur's eyes  
No more a weakness seemed : his manner cowed,  
Ungoverned quite, no more with cowardice vies,  
And tho' Fred Griffinhoof of lineage proud,  
Of farmer Westwood whispered soon, it ne'er  
Debased in Girling's mind his comrade bright  
Of an hour back. He asked the farm how near,  
And careful raised the maid, while the pale light  
Fell on her face, and looking up, she moaned.  
Then Lawrence spoke, and begged she would bear  
yet,  
While home he carried Nellie, whose mien toned

---

---

The delicate with—but her lashes wet  
Reversed the current of his thought ; and when  
The farm was reached, his longest walk it seemed,  
And the long hour which ensued, poor my pen  
To picture. Westwood, swearing, struck his wife,  
For letting Nellie walk at night,—his name  
Disgrace with her wild ways. Which shameful strife  
The men to calm strove much, but naught could tame  
The drunkard vile, save a sound blow and true,  
Which Girling dealt, as lifting 'gain his hand  
The coward was detained. If black or blue  
Ne'er Lawrence cared, but he had cast the band  
Which Westwood did henceforth respect, as of  
A man who knew his work and could perform—  
Whereas the other silently might scoff,  
But pitied the circumstance, scarce the form,  
Which worked his misery, as he perceived,  
While staying at the farm, through petition





Of many, and request of kinsman grieved :  
For Griffinhoofe ne'er trusted remission  
The moment that brute force alone, he saw,  
Was able wrath to quell and peace exact.  
So Nellie's melioration to make sure,  
Did Arthur's and Dame Westwood's Lawrence tack.

## VIII.


The Lawrence Girling that to North-Reach came,  
His mother's child, sweet Alice Gray, loved well ;  
And kin he nearer had none, to reclaim,  
Nor wished his sister with other to dwell  
In a heart which himself, he evil knew,  
But turned from all the earthliness around  
As things which like him would no better strew—  
Who seldom goodness knew but below ground :  
While living undiscernible their deeds,  
But swollen large when they are beyond thanks.  
Yet for such like best wots how often pleads

---

The orphan who, amid his youthful pranks,  
Could ne'er appreciate his own mother's worth  
Till she was gone ; her waning never spied  
Till it had ceased, and she was newly girth.  
But still with Lawrence there were words that lied  
Marked deeply in his mind ; and he would think  
Them over as one handles a fav'rite toy :  
Ah, not with the same dainty restive wink  
Did she link them who had gone to her joy.  
They were words of a mother in her eve—  
A mother in doubt, and afflicted yet,  
Scarce with affairs of earth—afraid to leave—  
What feeling but a mother doth beget.

‘ When at even in the woods we strayed,  
And together journeyed through the dark—  
Say, who watched thee ripen like corn-blade,  
And the heavenly Heaven taught to mark?

Say, did I not teach thee to revere  
What of all on earth seemed without shade,  
And doth to the basest mind appear  
Firm and pure—a home for blessed made ?  
Say, did I lead where the crowd is gone,  
Or have for thy worldly ruin played,  
Even ill-reared thee to be outshone—  
Or careless of these, for better prayed ?  
Wilt of all I gave be bereft,  
And will the rich blossom with thee fade,  
When without my frail direction left,  
Where no other culture's truly paid ?  
With a mother's love have I nursed thee,  
Yet I know that hard will be the trade—  
Tho' to thee it seem'th like climbing tree.  
But I trust thou'lt not lose for thy grade,  
Nor presumptuous fight for treasure mean,  
Nor for idols vainly love-chains braid,



---

When thou should'st great goodness humbly glean,  
As thy mother, child, hath daily prayed.'

## IX.

Who seeks that lonely wood ?

Who seeks by night can do no good.

1 I hate that any should,

And I'll prevent it by the rood !

Brooking no moods—

Ward of the woods.

'Tis but thy Lady Lyre,

Out in the moon to calm her sire.

2 Why comest thou through mire,

And as if bound with dark desire ?

Brooking no moods, etc.

I'll not let thee, glib voice,

Because of tale or charming moist,

- 3 Get the best of my choice

I catch thee, on yon tree to hoist.

Brooking no moods, etc.

Pray leave thy wrathful haste,  
And the sweets of forgiving taste—

- 4 For 'tis well that thou may'st

Such broken sweets will bear no paste.

Brooking no moods, etc.

Have done thy jabber, girl!  
I'll not free thee for finest pearl—

- 5 Nor let thee call me churl,

Ere into yon abyss I hurl.

Brooking no moods, etc.

Hadst thou in thy embrace  
That which thou threat'nest to debase—

---

6 Thou mightest have kept thy pace,  
But yet confused thou givest chase.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

I'll have thee, Lady Lyre—  
I'll have thee yet, for all thy wire—  
7 And thou'lt not call me liar,  
For I'll chase thee e'en through the mire.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

And thou art free to race—  
But racing ill, wilt make grimace :  
8 And as thou wantest grace,  
When weary thou'lt not hear my trace.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Take care and hold thine own—  
If thou lettest me not alone,

9 My wrath will be o'ergrown,  
And in the deep thou shalt be thrown !  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Thou will not play the fool,  
Nor strive to punish thine own tool,  
10 For well I know thy rule—  
And I'll be left for mirky pool.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Not so my Lady Lyre—  
I will hear thee and never tire,  
11 For thou canst raise me fire  
When cold, I scramble through the mire.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Then gently race me, sire,  
And I'll repay thee for my hire

---

12 With sweetly strains entire,  
So long as thou keep'st free from ire.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Then give me some good lay,  
And I'll ne'er ask for other pay  
13 Than that of the good May ;  
For when thou stayest mute I'm grey.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Whene'er thou hearest me,  
Thy feelings note, but do not flee—  
14 Nor hang me on a tree,  
For I will e'er respond to thee.  
Brooking no moods, etc.

Then will I not be rude,  
But striking, strike alone for good—



15 I hate all evil lewd,  
And I'll prevent it, by the rood !  
Brooking no moods, etc.

## X.


Thus sang the keeper 'long the dismal path,  
But hushed his voice—the wind was still and clear ;  
And it might chance he thought of his own hearth,  
Ere carried with the damp breeze from the mere,  
Came to his rusticly enamoured ear  
A melody enduring through the space,  
With melancholy feeling at times blear,  
At times to timely rising giving place !  
And so enchanted heard the keeper it  
That he forgot his present calling, till  
A branch decayed from some tree, falling, hit  
His swarthy shoulder to recall him, chill  
With the night air, from pleasure's tempting court,

---

And bid him, forsaking the open ground,  
Detect the wanderer and what his sport ;  
Unseen his own position all around—  
As the adventurer came within sight,  
Athwart the hazel medley freely stept ;  
And 'twas a mien with affectation light  
As unconstrain'd, he sang with truth yclept,—

## XI.

'Purer than the lily on its stem—  
Lovelier far is Alice, my own gem !  
Oft she chides, but loving near me rules,  
For abroad her will no longer hews,  
As when from her lily reach I've gone—  
Darkness thickened—all beside waxed wan.  
Soft and sweet as the pale blossoms scent—  
To imagination ever lent—  
Never warping, yet not fit to bend



Whatsoe'er the spirit that may wend—  
As too soon it bows, e'en late to mend.

'Queenlier than the fairest garden's queen,  
Sweeter too must Nellie be, I ween.

Bravely she endureth without show,  
Ever present doth her image glow,  
Far or near to make me wish, alas,  
That whate'er she hates would from me pass !

Nellie's spirit great reflection gleans,  
And to win I must be what she means—  
So my mind must gather strength to rend  
Passions dark e'er for her love I bend—  
Then 'twill not hurt tho' she call me 'friend.'


'Oft, yea oft hath Alice with me borne :  
Our affection still will not be worn—  
Sister dear, it clings more to thee now,  
Than 'twas wont went heavy charged my brow

---


Or e'en when I saw thee grieve for one,  
Who, twice dearer, ceased with us to run.—  
Long thou lov'dst me more than I deserved,  
And hast ne'er within me pain reserved !  
Often, Alice, have I broke thy law—  
Never of thy coaxing wast thou sure ;  
Now with trust anoth'r hath brought me o'er.'

## XII.

The keeper following through, caught the song,  
Which rambled to him from the rambling man ;  
And when it ceased, he walked yet a furlong,  
And ventured not with sound to break the span ;  
Then came upon the stranger, whom he guessed  
A visitor of Ark'sden Glee—no foe,  
That he should have his private pleasure messed,  
And cause no grief to him who thus gave woe.  
But Fernley recognised that Girling 'twas,




And his to brave the danger, rather than  
Avoid mischance uncertain of his cause ;  
For well he liked the orphan lad who ran  
Beside him in the woods, and Fernley ne'er  
Passed any save with greeting when on guard,  
And ne'er felt so disposed to waver, ere  
His mind was fixed to make no more retard.  
Then both conversed of olden amities,  
When met in that harmonious shade and hour :  
Persuasive, lone, and from humanities,  
While steeped in all that speaks a holy power,  
In greatness, stillness, and submission forced  
Upon a race that rend the light of day  
With cries of infamy but seldom hoarsed,  
Yet oft'ner glittering in softened lay :  
The drowsy hear, the great disdain to tell,  
And the creative brew, while fiends perform.  
Now Fernley could not easily propel



---

When Lawrence seconded not very warm  
The converse which 'twixt them did run, and true :  
It was that Girling cared not to indulge  
In reverie, he had walked forth to woo,  
For awkwardness will its own mind divulge ;  
And tho' not one to be on the alert,  
'Twas even so that he was quickly struck  
With aught amiss in neighbouring expert ;  
Therefore the keeper's was but narrow luck,  
When weary with the struggle for command  
Of thoughts oppressing in their multitude—  
As aged waves returning to the strand,  
The Girling said about the homely brood—  
Then questioned (being his wont of old time)  
If Fernley sang in the night watches yet.  
But willing to spare the man mischief's prime,  
In merry laugh he broke, then humour met :



## XIII.

' Blithesome and true is my Lady Carew—  
Often she smiles, and her frowns they are few,  
But she will fly not to answer in lieu—  
For she is sly, is my Lady Carew.

Often we meet, but 'tis seldom we speak :  
Ere I can breathe from my side she will leak—  
And 'tis a chance if my love grows not weak,  
As I once thought it ; and I'm not a sneak.

Fancy is bright, and my lady is fair :  
But I met her this morn riding her mare—  
Forsooth, and with robe of silk she did wear  
Colourless cheeks, which ne'er bade me despair.


Gracious is she and of favours not scant :  
So I'll speak up ere another can rant—  
Take too the trouble from him who would pant.  
After the favour I'll seek not aslant.

---

Blithesome and true is my Lady Carew—  
And it were rich the false distance to mew :  
Not to be lovers thus parted in lieu ;  
Would she were mine, were my Lady Carew.'

## XIV.

The keeper's doubts were rested ere he bid  
Adieu that night to Girling ; whereas rose  
The Southron's as he walked, in himself hid,  
And when he spoke to Nellie they were close ;  
For she wept, and refused at first to give  
The reason why it should be nay to his  
Well-seeming faith—' A death to what should live ?  
Dear Nellie, thy solution must still miss  
To prove that answer right ! Why must I think  
That all endeavour will be vain to win,  
All hope be crushed in its own timely clink ;  
The symbol pass, and I then madly grin ?





If thou wouldst but speak once to me, and say  
Why that decision Nellie takes, 'twould ease  
The whole, and my senses should ne'er assay  
To do me wrong, nor should my love appease—'  
'Stay, stay—' cried Nellie, hurt with the outbreak,  
And yearning to be safe from compromise ;  
As foreign will to grant her mind would shake,  
And trembling with strong effort spoke such wise :  
' When from the South we came hither to dwell,  
I promised ne'er to leave my mother 'lone,  
And by it bound, I suffered them to tell  
How 'twas my fault by pleading—and I own  
That miserable mother droops away  
To die in anguish 'neath the roof accursed—  
*" Ne'er again to have one peaceful day—  
Ne'er taste bread but galled—in grief immersed,  
Ne'er go where 'tis not cold and chill."*  
They tell that Arthur owes to me his state :

Half-educated, loitering thus until  
He vicious grows, and breeds for father hate—  
And then who knows?—They tell it was my fault,  
And if it was I loved him as I should—  
In trial and sorrow—like as yonder vault  
Unshaken stood my faith, and still it would—  
She ceased, and the hand raised to mark the sky  
Beside her fell, and shortly she resumed :  
' I left her not for Arthur now to try—  
As oft for him—my brother, I presumed  
In thought to strive with difficulty—ah,  
And vanquish as those in good cause ; but no—  
With promise bound I see one daily mar  
What else might be of good desert—' Quite low  
She spake, as tho' communing with her thought,  
Then toned anew, she said : ' Tied, or untied,  
It were the same, for she should ne'er be fought—  
My motner be left ! Years of suffering glide,


But, ah, remorse must eat the very life ;  
And I will ne'er leave thee, my mother dear,  
If God forsake me not. To be thy wife  
I cannot, ere life within me be sear !'

## xv.

But representing full arrangement of  
All hindrance Nellie numbered, Lawrence urged  
One word relenting—hopelessness to doff :  
A hopelessness e'en then in him not surged  
He begged against, and Nellie felt it most,  
That, fondly nursed and flattered to a whim,  
He should learn disappointment's weary boast.  
She would redouble her pain to spare him,  
Yet this contention she loathed : speaking thought  
Which from herself she put away, was worse—  
Worse to the mind reserved and overwrought,  
With care she shared apart—in that perverse

---

It cast a veil again ne'er to be drawn.  
Retired she bore, resolved, yea, and forbore  
Without an interchange of words to mourn.  
Good intercourse she missed when light her store :  
Her spirit sank and clouds were hard dispersed ;  
But now to master feeling yet to speak,  
The maiden, burdened more than she was versed ;  
But Girling watched her whitely pallor eke,  
Her trembling grew, and tho' she would not yield,  
He knew her motive, and reluctantly  
Was his support accepted in the field.  
When Nellie's fortitude sufficiently  
Returned, he ventured to remonstrate once—  
Dead to the pang it cost,—'Tis obvious that  
Thy mother, 'mid her mild and native runs,  
Would be herself again—but father's pat  
Must rule : the duty be to him, not her  
Who suffereth beneath a law he broke—



And so annihilated !' To deter  
Resentment tasked all Nellie's power. The stroke  
Brushed clean her hesitation from its ground ;  
The doubts which stirred of yore were gone. She said,  
'E'en with light principle, for such rebound  
It were impossible ! To beg one wade  
Through tribulation sore, for duty's sake,  
And then retract the whole to suit myself?—  
'Twas my irresolution urged thee take  
Resort so mean, kind sir, and as myself  
Will put away the hurting of that scorn,  
So I beg thee forget my heat and—and lack  
Of grace . . . . ' Into the freshness of the morn  
Her accents passed, ere Griffinhoofe was back—  
Back from the hunt to join the couple there,  
Where they had planned the previous morn in glee :  
Now Lawrence seemed all harmony to scare,  
And nearly made the gentles disagree

## XVI.

How coarse is man when miser grown—

With love scarce left but for his gold,

By Satan caught with vices blown :

Nor can a truth to him be told

But what he doubts, and reckons if

His money matters 'twill affect.

Then craving, and with hunger stiff,

He loathes mankind, and to detect

In beggarly complaint false step—

Some unsuspecting man, who may

Have done him a good turn, to help

The villain be more anxious aye,

His ruin to work out and claim

Aloud the hated man's revenge ;

Who durst not vengeance plead or name,

Lest he should with him vilely pace.

And thus the miser thinks him well—



And fools all those, who, having plea,  
Accuse him not, nor without tell,  
But overlook, nor seem to see  
His lowness, 'cause so very low.  
For why the fellow harder gets—  
Nor knows himself, much less doth know  
The virtue which in others lets  
Himself unpunished duller sink  
In state he good can ne'er discern,  
Where, having lost with right all link,  
Lies, hopeless better things to learn.  
Seems it that all is 'gainst his soul—  
His vulgar passions so extreme,  
That few can tell, and none unroll  
Before the miser light to gleam.  
'Twas thus that Westwood sinking still,  
Breathed naught but evil in the air—  
And wondered when his cup would fill

---

Dame Westwood, in her troubled share ;  
For to his liking all was met,  
And everything he ordered was  
Full done, to stay his smallest pet ;  
His wishes held like sacred vase,  
His person studied by chance friends,  
And all glad to escape his wrath  
And spying, still their humour tends  
To see within him not the Goth.  
His former home he left, because  
Amid the associations there  
He humbled was, nor could give laws  
Entirely, in that softened glare,  
As he now gave them to his men,  
And in ' his house where none should bray '  
Nor of his roughened manners pen,  
But wait his pleasure every day.  
Like aspens trembled at his nod



Those round the despot, who still said :  
" 'Twould be when he should never plod—  
In work for them his strength to shed,  
But please himself, and then what would  
Become of pack, so helpless quite  
He was to see, tho' he was rude !'  
This Westwood quoth, in bitter plight.

## XVII.

' Standing in the gloomy lee,  
Straight before me fell the rain,  
Far behind me stretched the plain,  
And in vain I sought for tree  
Where the blossom was not ta'en  
In the last Lord Autumn's train—  
And I sought, but could not see.  
  
Roughly played the season's hand—  
Roughly grappled with my mind—

---

Strove my spirit down to wind,

While my thoughts flew o'er the land.

Pain tho' great will draw behind,

And 'cute grief will cease to grind—

Still I yearn for better strand.

Hard my lot if dark my hope—

Tho' my life is milder now

Than the common fate, I trow—

Tho' my soul doth often mope,

'Twill not ever so, I trow—

Driving ever at the plough—

Loving long, and raising hope.'

'Twas sadly Nellie sang, and sadly passed

The days ; for all was dull and stiller now

Since Girling had gone south ; they seemed to last

Threefold the working hours, and as to how

The others went 'twas mystery to her.

He sent for Arthur, from his English home,  
And begged he would with him turn traveller,  
Abroad in May to see luxurious glome.  
He promised to return ere winter did,  
And with the tearful eye was Alice left  
'Mid kindly friends, who helped of grief to rid  
The orphan girl, scarce ere the ship had cleft  
The ocean, bearing Lawrence from the shore,  
With Arthur for his comrade. While North-Reach  
Looked ne'er so grey in Nellie's eyes for sure ;  
The lengthy waste but seemed her face to bleach,  
The mere was old, and only on the heath,  
Beside the varied furze, could she retreat,  
To read, or watch some far smoke upwards wreath  
From village cot, which soon her mind would cheat.

## XVIII.

Clouds flimsy, lovely, flew o'erhead,  
And dark ones the horizon strongly marked ;  
Blue patches broke between, and fairly sped,  
As lighted spirit's lowest hue. Don barked  
About and capered round his mistress ; kin  
In humour with the morn, she stood to catch  
Detail the finest that wore glimmerin'  
In bracing atmosphere, resembling match  
With Arctic's clear and shining summer day.  
Forth shot the sun with glare, but not to scorch :  
His softened, mellow light crowning what lay  
On earth with liquid many-coloured torch.  
Uncertain, lovely, showery in mind,  
Passed Nellie through the saturated grass,  
Her fellowship with nature brightly twined,  
Her feelings keen, like true reflecting glass.  
And in such happy brilliant state, she saw

M'Kenna sitting all absorbed, alone,  
Despondent, who was known of intent pure.  
And from Lord Albert's steward came a groan  
To Nellie's ears, which roused her interest.  
She could not pass M'Kenna in his strait—  
She summoned courage and approached him, lest  
Her fear should gain, and so unworthy rate  
The friendly terms on which they ever met.  
With step unsteady and quick coming breath,  
She left the path, without his hearing yet ;  
But when her hand was laid on his—Macbeth  
More fierce could scarcely look, as standing up,  
M'Kenna gazed about. Confused he changed,  
And muttered his apologies.—‘ Hi-hup ! ’  
Bawled Farmer Westwood, and there never ranged  
Such consternation as in Nellie's mind,  
With innocent design and impulse clean :  
She leant against a heap of stones, which grind

---

Beneath her pressure, tumbling on the green ;  
And her companion, spiritous and fine,  
Turned on his heel, and greeted eagerly  
The farmer Westwood, who still kept his line ;  
Best knowing why to shift so niggardly,  
The man he shortly sought, in hopes to get  
Some shooting on Lord Albert's land. The horse  
He rode went cantering ahead, to whet  
Revenge prepared for very master cause,  
And waiting ready, master benefit.  
Had Westwood stopped, he would have surely spied  
His daughter, who ne'er moved aside one whit ;  
But trees stood in the way, and he could 'bide  
No time, when seeing M'Kenna so present  
A wish to speak. He lost an easy chance  
His machination to work out, but bent  
His head with satisfaction, in a trance,  
Because well-mounted ; and waved his hand on high

With utmost unconcern. The Scotchman winced:  
His bait had taken, and assured him, by  
The whole, so that a hidden doubt was minced.

## XIX.

M'Kenna's face grew dark and stern ; he bowed  
With dreadful emphasis, and like one pins  
On card a rare and stinging fly, the proud  
And self-commanding man, pricked as with whins,  
Flung down his hate and trampled ardour, to  
Attend the maiden's pleasure who, composed,  
Stood as of yore, e'en stayed the colour too,  
Expression with her spoke her soul ; it closed  
And troubled turned ; severity appeared  
By forced determination meant, and such  
The feature Guy M'Kenna had revered,  
Before saluting Westwood. Over much  
'Twas known for Nellie's health and nature blithe,

---

Tho' at North-Reach but seldom caught—outside  
Exceptionally seen. Like cruel scythe,  
From far Westwood had touched the plant astride,  
And scattered all its freshening power. To calm  
Or soothe was not for Nellie's tensive nerve ;  
Her lips were parched, the blossom lost its balm,  
M'Kenna lingered purposely to swerve  
From his own homeward road ; but 'twas no task  
To be with Nellie, tho' she wished him gone ;  
As loathing violence, she knew the mask  
Of honour that pervaded Westwood on  
Occasions such ; bred in debauch he made  
Him standards full exotic, and so stripped  
Of shame, insisting they were old as glade,  
Enforced them on his family near nipped  
With his outrageous reasoning, devoid  
Of sense, these rules he never kept, but preached  
Most ably to convince. 'Twas to avoid




This mockery that Nellie strove, and bleached  
Her indignation, lest her mother should  
Be seized with illness harsh at the outbreak.  
Her gentle manner turned all rudeness good—  
Forbore the prude—seemed favour to retake  
For liberty scarce felt. She bade adieu  
When reached the farm-land, and M'Kenna asked,  
Her hand in his, and standing by the yew,  
If his chance escort were forbidden—tasked  
With spleen. This strange deportment raised sur-  
prise  
In her whose good opinion he secured  
From the first day they met, where aught to prize  
In human nature was a treat. Inured  
To his urbanity, acquainted with  
His character : how Westwood's half-insult  
On meeting them before he spurned—the pith  
M'Kenna had, all made the day's result

Vexations to the brooding Nellie, while  
She hurried through the valley all alone,  
And up the hill, whence she viewed the farm-pile  
Rise solitary, and the anemone.

## XX.

Where Girling had the keeper met, beside  
The Arkesden grove, there M'Kenna went  
To work with speed on Fernley's ebbing tide.  
He said : ' Can'st thou believe me so far bent  
In crime and sin to harbour shameless face ?  
Why rage so wildly 'gainst me with no proof  
To ground your false suspicion on ? But trace  
The criminal, as I have marked the hoof  
Of vengeance on his life. Tell me, hast thou  
Thy daughter questioned ? ' ' Miriam is too ill  
To hear me out, nor can she bear a row,'  
Replied the surly man. ' If bad thy will,  
Then I have done ! ' exclaimed M'Kenna hot,

With positive demeanour. Fernley turned  
And eyed his supposed foe, then ripe for plot,  
Abashed he stood to hear, what coming, burned,  
With downcast head, but still invitingly.  
'This very night ask Miriam if she'd go  
From hence, and gently speak—not bitinglly.  
Then softly round to the seducer tow  
The parley, and thus do your best to hear  
From her his name. If then you side with me,  
And help the culprit teach, thou shalt not fear ;  
But if it goes not so, to make me free  
From his foul lie, 'twill be short cut to kill  
The villain dead ! Shrink not, as I have said  
'Tis no more than I planned. I bide thy will.  
Know'st thou that on my honour they would tread ?  
The traitor presque swore me leagued with  
The late assault on my Lord Albert's son,  
Who carried some prize money ; and I writh



---

To see them look on me aslant, to stun  
Me with their slights. He swore to all he said,  
And said eno' to rest suspicion dark  
Upon no other than myself. Ill-bred,  
Vile dog! Did he appreciate the mark  
As I do, he could ne'er have cast that mould  
To rid the neighbourhood of me, for 'twere  
Too infamous. I could not credit told  
That e'en that fellow used such deadly bur  
Extensively, aware of its dread power!  
But, Fernley, we must ne'er be seen thus lone.  
Be here to-morrow at the seventh hour,  
And then of thyself let me have the loan.'

## XXI.

Mysterious excitement breathed about  
The environs of North-Reach, and so close,  
That Nellie nothing knew of import stout,

Till Bessy, the farm-girl, with burning rose,  
Contained herself no longer, blurting forth  
That keeper Fernley was to leave the place,  
And swell M'Kenna got discharged in wrath.  
The Mistress Scott came round for milk, to chase  
Her Mary's cold, and filled the sketch, no whit  
Embarrassed, telling truth and mind in mess,  
Till Nellie thought she'd fall, and all seemed grit  
Within her throat. Old Mistress Scott put Bess  
Aright, and quoth: "'Twas no such thing! Dis-  
charged


The keeper never was. He took his leave,  
And natural could please himself.' Enlarged  
Her face became, delighting thus to weave  
The gossip out again. 'His daughter would  
Know why her father left the country most,  
And 'twas no jest to be looked upon rude  
By all about. He's gone, but some will boast

---

To say who is the father of the child,  
'Tis Miriam knows ; but they will talk for that,—  
And none say 'twas M'Kenna save the wild,  
For ne'er was such a nice man known. Tit-tat !  
'Twas never the young man. Well, miss, they went,  
The Fernleys all, and goodness knoweth where !  
Now 'gainst M'Kenna there was spite full rent,  
And so Lord Albert disagreed unfair,  
And he's to go within a week. That raid  
To rob Lord Albert's son was desperate,  
And they were 'gainst M'Kenna fully made  
From first !' Now Nellie could not silence wait,  
But Bess got leave to visit Mistress Scott,  
And went at eve, escaping terror's loom,  
And spending merrily her humble lot.

## XXII.

The moon was out, and mild the April air  
When Nellie opened for her father the  
Front door ; as quick and sudden burst a glare,  
And Westwood fell like bulky, rotten tree.  
The scuffle short was over. Nellie screamed,  
And flying to her mother's side, was caught  
Half-way by irresistible arms,—streamed  
The light just there. She grasped the crape and  
fought  
To see the brigand's face. She saw—relaxed  
Her hold, and spell-bound nearly senseless grew.  
M'Kenna spoke, and into being waxed  
Her strength the instant, merely more to rue.  
The stipulation passed, 'The stillness keep,  
Or from your mother part.' She vowed, and both  
Were ta'en to carriage near, nor could she weep :



---

The time to Nellie seemed of endless growth.  
A woman sat with them inside, and 'twas  
The fourth of an hour ere the carriage rolled ;  
Two men sat on the box, and dread the pause  
Within. When soon they stopped, then onward  
rolled :


But one the man now left, and driving fast.  
Poor Nellie's heart beat high, her mother moaned,  
And bitterly they called to mind their last  
Long glimpse of Westwood, who their pain intoned.

## XXIII.

More bustling than was there thought of before  
Reigned by North-Reach on that fine Sabbath morn,  
When ashes spread the ground, where fire now bore  
Its dying flutter into smoke. At dawn  
Lord Albert sent his steward to inquire  
The damage done ; M'Kenna sought the spot



And averaged the whole, for 'twas entire  
His lordship's loss, save Westwood's sparing lot  
Of implements, and grain, and chattels, some  
Of worth. There met him Griffinhoofe the lad,  
Who anxious said the whole affair was rum,  
And all excited questioned, and forbad  
At once disaster in regard the life  
Of either lady, and then calumny ;  
But wild, he fearful strove amid the strife ;  
For Arthur's sake he then kind-heartedly  
Collected facts, and Westwood, found beside  
The mere, was to Arkesden Glee removed.  
M'Kenna could not but the man deride  
Who reckoned the expense, and also proved,  
With scarce a thought concerning his own wife,—  
The shot but scratched his leg, and were he sound  
And sober on the yester night, 'twas rife  
He could have given evidence, and found




Somewhat to state. But quick the week was done,  
And slow seemed to M'Kenna, who then left  
The scene of trouble thick. The time had run,  
And well eno' for secrets to be cleft  
Was Westwood deemed. He raved and stamped as  
mad,  
But overpast the passable amain,  
And when called on to speak he was too glad,  
Nor could his violent desire refrain.

## XXIV.

The Farmer Westwood's information read  
Was unimportant; nor did they conceal  
From him aversion who examined shred  
By shred his action, words, and the shrewd peel  
That compassed all he quoth. Excitement rose  
When nearly spent, for in the neighbourhood  
Some burglars tried a house; but, followed close,

Detected were and caught ; and none but would  
Wreak vengeance on their heads. Found guilty, they  
Confessed attacking the Lord Albert's son ;  
But their denial of the North-Reach prey—  
And innocence regarding the crime, won  
No credit. Proven it was not, but e'er  
Ascribed to them was the transaction foul ;  
And so chastised for their own ill, they bear  
The curse of others' guilt. Old Westwood's growl  
At the marauders interested all  
Who round them stood, with scrutinizing glance.  
But sure that he must seek him some new wall,  
He desperate grew, seeing not a chance  
To gain the favour of the neighbourhood,  
And pass without their scorn or lightsome joke ;  
With none to crush beneath him now—his mood  
To make them bear, he vanished like the smoke.  
His past came to him as the sight of hell,—




---

He saw it as he should and still would not ;  
But what the inward dungeon, none can tell,  
That instigated him to quit the spot  
Recording latter fury—childish seek  
What with his spirit could not ever find,  
While present, future life from him did leak.  
As selfish, thoughtless as of old, to wind  
From place to place, at random spend his time,  
Prepared the farmer when he left North-Reach.  
His son ne'er thinking of when from far clime  
He should return, to feel the sucking leech—  
The loved left behind to know them gone—  
Their places ne'er observe, their graves not see,  
To find solacement o'er their clay. Ah, wan  
That hour for Arthur, and the parent tree  
That can forget its shooting so ! He went,  
The sodden man, to draw the bitterest  
Of life, abandoned, homeless, and sore bent,

Without one venial point or interest  
Worth caring for. His misery he knew,  
But, self-made, it was not so to be cured ;  
And hopeless, helpless, fast in Satan's mew,  
No anodyne had for him peace secured.  
Yet secretly the notion haunted him  
That he was better than the rest around,  
To feel the pangs of conscience, which, more grim,  
Yet they felt not, and thus himself he wound.

## XXV.

On Cornwall's sheltered coast the village lay,  
From rocky summit Crossby viewed the sea,  
And near one of its cots did there survey  
The ocean strand, a maiden on her knee,  
Beside a lengthy couch, pulled to the front  
Of the sweet-blossomed garden, stretching hid  
Unto the shaggy shore, where waters grunt ;



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And on the couch reclined a lady mid  
Rich shawls and cushions of the easiest ;  
The earnest look on her pale, wasted face  
Ne'er left her daughter's, for the mightiest  
Display around her spread ; and every pace,  
And every motion scanned, and every look  
Was noted by the jealous mother. Thatched  
Were all the village huts—it little took  
To sketch them in the mind ; and Nellie glanced,  
But could not brook the thought of slavery,—  
And all her gentleness was deeply lanced,  
So that a darkness filled the aviary  
On Cornish coast, worse than at North-Reach dwelt  
Beneath the despot's sway. Her pride was hurt,  
And lost within burnt fire which Nellie felt ;  
And 'twas long ere her spirit softness girt,—  
But then the peace that fell upon her soul,  
Seemed all her strength to bind and weigh with lead.

But fear ne'er entered in all through the roll,  
As when love had to bow, and duty dread  
The anger it should not provoke. Her eye  
Had caught a firmness never worn before—  
Nor could one see her shrill at sea-mew's cry,  
For simpler when alone than e'en of yore,  
She riper was abroad.

And now behind

Them stood old Fernley, ten times hoarier  
Than when he sang his lay where woodland lined  
The space. And employ ne'er seemed gorier  
Than did just now his speechless waiting forced.  
To have one look from Nellie would have been  
A balm his bleeding spirit, with moaning hoarsed,  
Would have ta'en to itself as ointment sheen,  
Come soothing to prepare for striding death.  
But Nellie never deigned that look to give.  
Her voice was cold and dry : the shortlived breath

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Commanded, but no passion passed the sieve,  
Restrained with checking that no respite knew ;  
Yet not as some would think was it of need  
This breaking to observe, also to chew,  
And harbour 'gainst all others for a meed ;  
As never farther was from Nellie's mind  
Of evil power to retain, as when  
This strictness she imposed on self, to wind  
From mixing with all coming in her ken,  
As she was wont to do. Forgiveness came  
From her with ready grace, and naught to roil  
Was left, and naught could e'er her loving tame,  
But exercised thus itself not to spoil.

## XXVI.

One eve, when Fernley had anxiety shown,  
And Nellie having trapped its import whole  
Had watched the hour, but when it came, all mown



Her preparation fell, and like a mole  
She fled from sight, her sternness gone, herself  
Full of conflicting sentiments. She kept  
Her room, and sought imaginary elf,  
But could not find, and largely that night wept.  
White was her face and dark her eyes at morn,  
When to breakfast as used descended she :  
And tho' no other than had daily borne  
The hall contained, more bitter was her tea  
Than e'en till then had been. At length it came,  
The minute was at noon but stretched an age  
Since sunrise in vexed Nellie's thought : near lame,  
And ill with work, while she strove to engage  
A peace now fluttering but to be gone,  
As she stood motionless, 'gainst the gnarled trunk  
Placed by the eglantine. He crossed the lawn,—  
Nor graver could be palmer, saint, or monk,  
Than was M'Kenna in that heavy hour.



His greeting o'er, she moved not from her post,  
Her eyes still fixed below.

‘And is this bower,’

Quoth he, ‘distasteful, so that I can boast  
From thee no word of welcome?’ Raising short  
Her sight on him, she slow returned,—‘Dost mock  
Me, then, o'er this thy part with baseness fraught?

I ask not the sense of this scheme, to lock

My mother and myself within yon cot,

But, sir, release us ere the day be up,

If honour or compassion thou hast got—

For I am burdened—ah, bitter is life's cup!

In truth it is but one long trying war—

One ceaseless death undone in its last vent.’

Distressed she ceased; and heard the ocean's roar,

Which said that far and near the world was rent


With mourning such. And Nellie felt it then—

Before had known—but would not even ere

The trouble passed—repelled, e'en as the hen  
Doth soon forget her chicks for which she bear  
With love great care ; her love it vanisheth,  
And so doth life's keen appreciation go,  
Which, if not forced, one ever banisheth,  
And feeleth ne'er from highest warning-bow.

## XXVII.

M'Kenna's countenance expressed so sad  
A mind, with love replete, that Nellie's heart  
Gave way beneath the earnest search it had,  
Nor could she from her better self then part  
As he began to say,—‘ Your father, ma'am,  
Induced suspicion foul to rest on me,  
And as the whole upon my face did slam,  
I swore revenge to take. My lightsome glee  
He spoilt for evermore, and then I swore  
‘ That his extravagance should plainer clothe.’



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And there the heavy tale from him did pour  
Into the listener grieved, with pain to loathe  
Whate'er of ill was said—and all was ill.  
She begged him pardon all offence preferred,  
But he resumed, with kindling light and will,—  
'It should not thus have been,' and he demurred,  
'If, Nellie, I had not loved thee that much—  
The blank grew hateful which extended drear  
For us: thy father would ne'er loose his clutch  
And give to me e'en tardy leave to steer  
For prize, I coveted since when I saw.  
None know save I where he is roaming now,  
And that from his own hand; to cover o'er  
His own misdeeds none better could, I bow:  
Yet 'tis a question if he could detect  
As well the change himself received. But fie  
On me, detailing this when dost expect  
News of thy brother. Griffinhoofe to hie

Him home hath sent, and he is looked for quick.  
Wilt meet him as my bride—say, Nellie dear—  
Wilt thou ? ’ Delay was cruel while time’s tick  
Marked the horizon with new boat ; and tear  
Course tear adown poor Nellie’s hidden cheek.  
He thought her his, and sought to take her hand,  
But in a moment she was not so weak.  
The words stuck in her throat ; no help from land  
She caught, but firm was her design and mien.  
Her nay was meant, and yet he thought it not :  
Believed M’Kenna wooing still would wean  
Her from resolve so giv’n ; but Hottentot  
Was ne’er more awkward in his losing fight  
With European, than the Scotchman brave  
In this his medley, or the poorest wight.

## XXVIII.

The se'nnight flew which Nellie was allowed  
For new reply, and wait alternative,  
If to the old she still adhered. He ploughed  
Her soul, yet Nellie could not unlike give  
What answer he then came to hear. She read  
The news, and saw him come ; she marked for him  
The advertisement, pointing to its head,  
She quoth,—‘ Wilt thou have done with this thy  
whim,  
Returning to Lord Albert, let us free,  
My mother and myself? ’ He rose with scorn,—  
‘ Not tho’ his lordship promised mines to me,  
Would I have left thee, madam, ’lone to mourn.  
My love hath met its wonted meed : because  
It offered, ’twas repelled, and that it slaved  
Hath got no thanks ! Not so, by Scotland’s gorse,

Wast thou cold and austere, but this is waved :  
Art free to do thy will, and trample down  
The one who trusted in thy love ! Pray charge  
Me e'er with thy commands, and tho' in town  
The furthest placed, depend that howe'er large,  
They shall not meet with broken hope as I,  
If they be in my power to achieve.'  
'Thy love, alone, sir, doth '—she made reply,  
'Least palliate thyself, and yet I grieve  
To think 'tis all that could. Thou soughtest ne'er  
My own, and if confiding in return  
Of love, the fault is neither mine. Aware  
That I did not pretend the honour, learn  
'Tis blessing I am e'en now grateful for.  
Thou callest me austere and cold, when I  
Have striven all thy faults to slight, and tore  
The hatred from my breast ! And yet for why ?  
Because thou wast provoked. But hast not said

That would not 'lone have moved thee? And if then  
The tender make thee work so ill, 'tis led  
Thou art unscrupulous ; I knew not when  
By Scotland's gorse, that thou could'st vengeful bé ;  
But lusty to o'ercome the same, it mak'th  
None better that thou didst it to agree  
With future prospect lively.' As one wak'th  
From sleep, M'Kenna gazed, but gazed not long :  
His spirit humbled but a second, rose,  
For others sought his side to hear the wrong,  
And served him not then to admit it gross.

## XXIX.

When Girling saw that all alike made sure  
The two lost ladies perished in the fire,  
As the reward was great eno' to lure,  
And they could have no interest—entire  
Month to detain them, whoe'er the men were



That at North-Reach played villains, as before  
With all their stirring legends to demur,  
Like this there never was one piece amore  
In that old part,—he set to work, and strove  
With hardy brow and good intent to sift  
The matter to its fount. And when to rove  
He went, 'twas not with aimless root. The rift  
In Arkesden Glee pointed what the base,  
For Fernley's empty place soon made it known  
To Girling, and the cause, tho' plain to trace,  
Scarce made his acting easier ; and grown  
A nameless dread in him, which urged close keep  
Of all from first sequestered with his care.  
And Arthur 'twas who caught a sidle peep  
Of his exertions outward—to repair  
What raised him double trial and unseen.—  
'Twas Arthur idly watching passers-by  
Near Plymouth Sound, saw, in its moonlight sheen,

M'Kenna step into a boat ; to try  
Reach Lawrence were to lose the chance, and so  
The youth within, another sprang to find  
His destination out. And thus was brought  
To Crossby's cot the morrow morn, a mind  
Which showed its property in what wrought  
Beside the eglantine, and on the lawn ;  
Where Nellie fled M'Kenna's side to be  
Held close in Arthur's arms, and weep her worn  
And agitated self to rest. Grandee  
Ne'er bore in state mien simpler and more firm  
With grace, than Lawrence in that hour. He stayed,  
Awaiting Arthur's speech, but when like worm  
His fury would have crushed the foe, there made  
A medium, Girling's sober sense. He spied  
How Nellie wished it done, and forthwith led  
The others reasonable mercy—tied  
Their wrath, induced them in good order tread.

## XXX.

And there in Crossby's little sacred yard  
Reposed the fruit of sin by Fernley too,  
And Miriam and her mother prayed regard  
For precious trace beside the moaning blue ;  
But even such was never found below  
Of Westwood by his family ; through dint  
Of imbecility he sought his woe,  
And as he had desired once, the tint  
Fell true : in hospital he died, and they  
Who tendered him their help took for unsound  
His dying words, nor soothed him in that day.  
M'Kenna left Great Britain's isle, to land  
Whence he ne'er wished return, but summers pas  
To see a mansion rise, and sweep the brand  
Away from North-Reach place, and with a  
mast

---

To bear new name. There Arthur made his  
home

With Alice Gray, and 'tis not mine to pen  
The Southern House which Girling left to roam,  
And pattered in a tiny boy, which when  
By Nellie occupied he cared no more  
To quit, unless with him she went away  
To gather fruit and good of earthly lore—  
To spread abundance—mark the Heavenly way.

My song is done, and I would rest,  
As my pair are now content ;  
And loving, happy with the best—  
Why not, I who to it lent  
My harp, my mind to gratify—  
Friend who will soon to me hie.

Of skippy mood ere I skip far,  
Let adieu from me be sped—

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That the rebuke come not to char  
Gentle peace, which mine did wed ;  
Scarce better when my song was done  
Than when scarce it had begun !

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